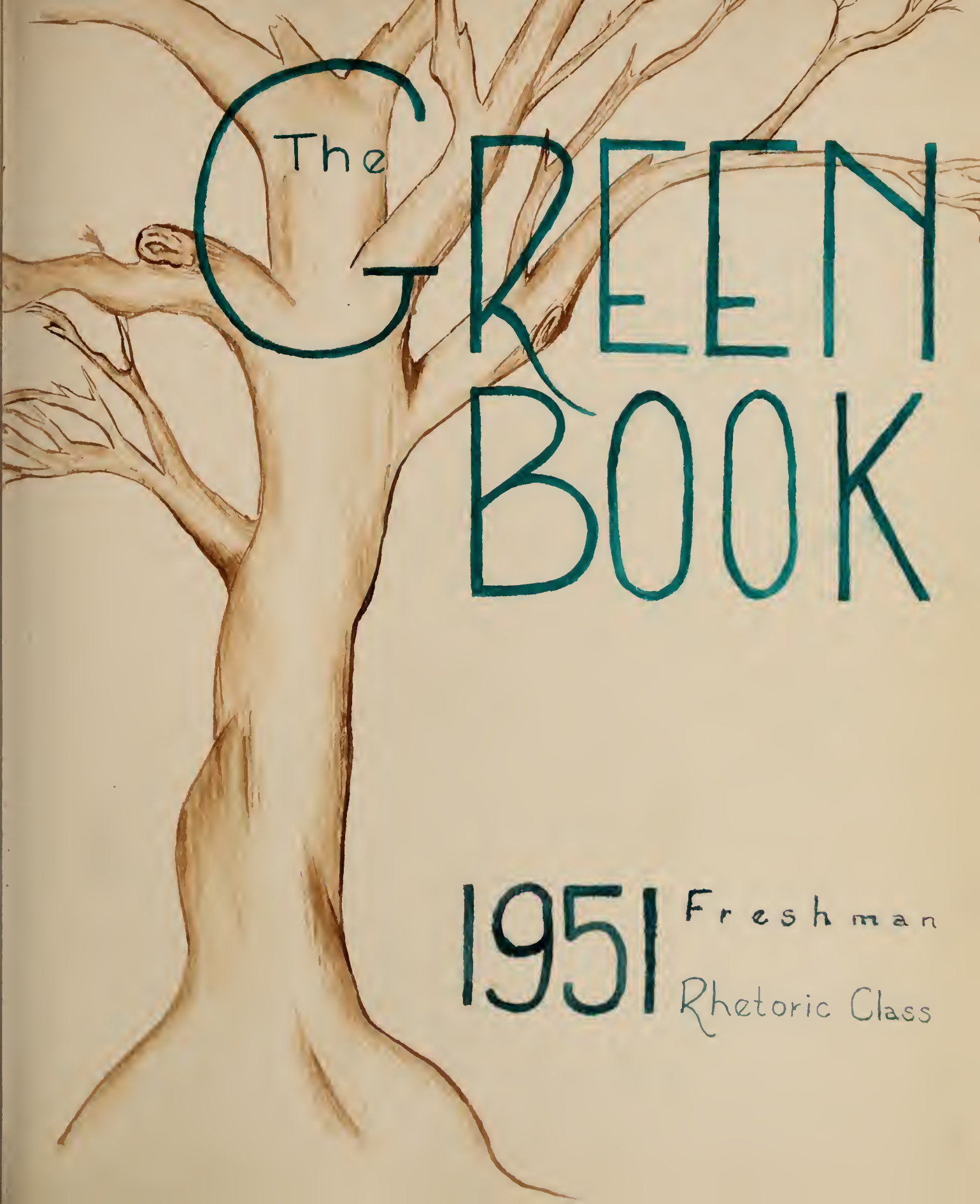
GREEN BOOK

1951


The GREEN BOOK
1951
Freshman
Rhetoric Class

GREEN BOOK STAFF MEMBERS

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Joe Williamson
Waveline Trout

LITERARY EDITORS:

Harriet Dunning
Rose Handloser

FEATURE EDITORS:

Thomas Starnes
Beverly Burt
May Hill
Arlene Finch
Beth Goodnow
Frank Lovejoy

SPORTS EDITORS:

June Burgess
Thomas Skidmore

HUMOR EDITORS:

Helen Johnson
Thomas Christensen

BUSINESS MANAGER:

Thomas Boates

TREASURER:

John Watkins

ARTISTS:

Joan Stratton
Gordon Wetmore

PHOTOGRAPHER:

Gerald Huff

TYPISTS:

Jeanne St. Pierre
Eula-Adine Winget
Shirley Haselton
John Glennie
Margaret Weaver



To one who devotes unselfishly his time and energy to fulfill our many demands;

whose quiet helpfulness and willing spirit aid in the solution of our endless requests;

whose interest in our problems helps to make them easier and whose steady Christian life serves as an example to us all;

To our friend and college librarian,

Evangelos Soteriades

We sincerely dedicate this

1951 GREEN BOOK

EDITORIAL

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

The theme of the Green Book this year is trees. These creations of God are merely accepted by most of us as commonplace, yet from them we can derive much to help us live a goodly life.

The roots, symbolic of the necessity for each Christian to be grounded in love and the things of God, are the most vital part of a tree, for they are not only the foundation, but also the channel which carries nourishment to stimulate growth.

The trunk, significant to us as the symbol of the academic values we receive at college, forms the second most important aspect of our lives.

Finally, the branches, or extra-curricular activities, symbolize the light, the entertaining, and the gayer by-products of college life. Although these are less important, they perform vital duties in the maintenance of a well-rounded life.

The freshmen class this year has been a typical one. We came green and unaccustomed to college life, but after eight months of learning that we are not as smart as we thought we were, we have learned, at least in part, to accept our share of life's responsibilities. Already we have had a glimpse of life as it really is—hard, yet good; strenuous, yet rewarding.

It is our wish that this year will be repeated four-fold. We came a conglomorate mass of representatives from many environments. We want to graduate as a unit, welded into an inseparable force pledged toward the building of a better country and a better church.

"And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Joe Williamson



"THAT YE BEING ROOTED AND GROUNDED IN LOVE..."

~ "PREACHER'S on VACATION..." ~

ANYONE who has never lived in a section of country which is below sea level and very near the ocean would find it hard to imagine just how humid a summer day can be. The one about which I write seemed to be trying to outdo the preceding ones which had already taken nearly a hundred lives. The seemingly never-ending stretches of dirt road lying between shaded patches reflected the suffocating, burning rays of the sun from a sky that could boast not one single cloud that would intermittently shadow the land. Flies, bees, nats, and other insects seemed to be in their glory, buzzing and flitting around the ears of anyone who was unlucky enough to be outdoors--and, as the afternoon began to turn into night, the mosquitos began their annoying practices.

Despite all these heckling circumstances, an old man, infirm and tottering in the burning rays of the summer sun, trudges along a typical rough, dusty road to the meeting house down the way. It had been nearly twenty years since he had ventured to walk this distance, but he knew his summons to die would come before the leaves turned and his soul hungered for the gospel as never before.

How holy to him seemed the old converted cowstable in which the neighbors joined to worship God together. Someone had even put a bell over it years ago, but today it was silent. The entire building held the aspect of being deserted--the doors and shutters were closed and bolted, not a soul was in sight.

Bewilderment seized the old man and he went to lean against the rickety old door to rest while he pondered. But as he did he saw a sign tacked haphazardly to the door and it read: "Preacher's on vacation--Church is closed till his return." He wiped his dusty glasses to read the sign again and again. He had limped all this way to church on his crutches and now...but surely this must be a dream! His limbs began to tremble and his eyes began to pain--and once more he read. "Preacher's on vacation--Church is closed till his return." The shock was so great that he staggered backwards and fell beneath the shade tree, soliloquizing thus:

"In all my eighty-odd years, I ain't never been so shocked as when I read that sign sayin','Preacher's on vacation'! Why, I ain't never heard the like before--why, I can remember when I first joined the meetin'--nigh onto sixty years ago now it was--the preacher went on a circuit--an' if he got his clothes and victuals he's a doin' good. And he traveled in all kinds o' weather and said nothing of a vacation!

"Now tell me, would a good farmer leave his cattle, or would a good shepherd leave his herds--why, there'd be no one to tend 'em!

"Would Paul git sech a notion? Would a Wesley or a Knox? Would they turn their backs on sinners and dying Christians just 'cause it's the heat of summer?

"Would taverns close their doors just to take a little rest, or did you ever hear tell of Satin goin' on vacation and shuttin' up the doors of hell?"

And thus he lay when, an hour or so later, a neighbor found him in time to hear his dying question: "When I get to Heaven, will I see tacked on the Gate, 'God's on vacation--Heaven is closed till His return'?

~ GOD'S GIFT to ME ~

THE reading of the booklet entitled Your Life - Make the Most of It, by J. B. Chapman, has left me with an unselfish desire to help save souls.

God gave me a gift. He gave me Life. It is full of privileges, limitations, assets, and liabilities, and at best, will be shorter than I desire it to be. But it is mine. General Custer said to his men in a battle when escape was impossible, "We can but die. Let us sell our lives as dearly as we can." I, too, can but die, and I expect to sell my life as dearly as possible.

I believe that God is an omnipresent spirit Who is with me constantly and Who cares for every need that I have. Knowing this, I should do a minimum of thinking about myself and should expend my intellectual energy in thinking of others.

The statisticians give me seventy years of life if I live hygienically. These years are as nothing in comparison with eternity, and yet, in this brief time I must prepare myself for that eternity. God blessed me with a sound body. I have no mental, physical, or emothional handicaps. He has cleansed my depraved soul from inbred sin.

At present, I am ready to face my Maker and hear His report of my life, but I pray that He will allow me several more years so that I may see in this life the results of some of the seed He is helping me to sow and in order that I may sow more as He shows me fertile soil.

Yes, God gave me a gift and I expect to repay Him by using this gift for His benefit alone.

Dorothy Davis

~ WHO UNDERSTANDS? ~

How lonely was the wind as he whistled through the barren oak trees and around the houses and telephone poles. The wind seemed to be singing a melancholy lay. He raised and lowered his voice as if in mourning, slowing almost to a whisper, only to sing more strongly than ever his solitary chant. As I first listened to the mourning of the wind, I began to wonder why he groaned so. Then it came to me--he was mourning over the folly of humanity, over lost souls. The wind seemed to recognize the lostness of a soul without God. As he saw men moving about the world in search of the things that perish, he realized the true depth of the tragedy.

I saw the mighty oaks lifting high their branches in prayer. They too were lonely--only swaying to the mournful song of the wind--seeming to signify by their action that they too saw the awful folly and tragedy of lost men. The trees were struck mute, able only to lift in prayer. Each branch was visible against the semi-dark night sky. Each branch seemed to stand alone, forlorn, yet also burdened with the weight of sorrow--suffering alone.

The clouds were dark and low--rushing on their eternal course. The sky wore a somber countenance as it looked down upon the world. The clouds rushed along, seeming to mock humanity--continually rushing and seeking after pleasure, wealth, and fame. As the clouds brought darkness, they symbolize the ever-increasing darkness of man's black night of sin.

I saw houses;three houses down the street, one to my left, two to my right. The houses were not like the wind, the trees, and the clouds. The houses did not understand. They were not like the others. The houses stood there dead, thoughtless like the souls of their owners. From windows here and there shone lights--lights made by man. They seemed only to add to the emptiness of the house which man built--empty--like his soul.

Herbert White

~ BE STILL ~

TO the people who lived here all year round, it was just another Sunday morning, but to Mill and me it was a day that we will always remember. The sun was hid behind the stolid and somber face of the sky. The sky changed its expression very little, because the wind had lost most of its ambition due to the fury of the storm of the previous night. Even though the clouds were ruling, the day was fairly bright. The wind blew across the snow-covered fields with firmness and authority, yet with kindness--not rushing enough to cause any complaints among the pine and hemlock. The trees were of noble bearing, tall and stately, all adding a feeling of unity, contentedness, and sobriety. They told of the struggle of the night before: they had a strong but sad bearing, for they were weighed down with the burden of snow which they seemed to carry without complaint. Some of them could not stand the strain or the previous evening and had fallen under their burdens. The others stood by with concern, but were unable to help.

The snow had brown quiet and still. It was no longer wildly whirling, beating relentlessly against every obstacle in its path. It was now a thing of serene beauty, giving to everything the blessing or cursing of its presence. Every step we took in the snow was opposed. Each time we freed one foot the other was trapped again. The snow persistently, firmly opposed us.

The hill stood before us, its expression unchanged even by the coming of the snow. It carried the load that was upon him without complaint, yet it did not seem to smile--perhaps this is because it had borne the load for years. The hill did not seem to give us a look, but

it, like the wind and the snow, put forth a regular effort to prevent our forward progress. It knew that we would eventually make the top, but even so it seemed to resent all forward motion.

We pressed on up the winding road sensing the quiet and reserved personality of nature, but yet a strong, enduring, relentless, active, but yet inactive will that cared not for time nor man. On top of the hill we stood for some time admiring the brandeur of the panorama; there was something deeper than sight. We felt the eternal strength, the enduring force, the slow-moving but sure will of nature. The feelings, which I have tried to describe, stilled me--caused me to feel and listen for the eternal purpose of God. I gave a sense of the futility of men's worldly endeavors, of all his hurring, working, and striving for wealth and the things which do not last.

Herbert W. Rita



~ OH, THOSE PRACTICE ROOMS! ~

Tum, tum, teedle dum tee dum! Tum, tum, teedle dum tee dum!!

Oh, won't she ever play anything else? She's been playing that same measure over and over again about sixty times. I wish she'd learn something new so that I wouldn't have to sit here in psychology class every Monday, Wednesday and Friday and hear that! It seemed as though all she played last month was Bach's "Fifth Invention," and now this month it's Foote's "Prelude Number Five."

....Well, at least that's better than when she starts playing hymns. Here we were having an exam in general psychology last Monday, and of all times to start playing hymns, she chose that period. How can I remember what the Purkinje effect is, when my head is singing "Near the Cross"? It's simply impossible to keep your mind on the subject!!

...."Excuse me, Dr. Groves, but how did you spell that word?---Thank you."

Well, now at least she's playing something different, even if it is only scales. She doesn't play them very well, though--she's made three mistakes already, and the notes sound very uneven. She probably doesn't have very good finger control, from the sound of things. Oh, well, she will have by the time Miss Cove finishes with her!

I wonder if I'll be able to find a piano myself tonight. Usually when I go up there's such a racket all over the second floor that I can't tell which room is occupied. After I've opened about six doors and said "excuse me" as many times, I find a piano which isn't being used. Not that it's much good once I find it--two or three ivories

are usually missing, and it's invariably out of tune. Oh well, they can't blame me if I don't play my lesson right!

...."Excuse me, Joy, but what did Dr. Groves say the primary psychological colors were?---Thanks."

Maybe she's through practicing now--it's been pretty quiet for the last couple of minutes....Oh, no! There she goes again--still playing that same old Foote's "Prelude Number Five," too. I wish her teacher would give her more than one piece a month. It's so boring having to listen to that one day after day, and with the same mistakes, too. I think she should learn something new. Maybe I ought to speak to Miss Cove about that. Hmmm!

Hope this period is over soon. I'm getting tired of sitting here. ....Good, there goes the bell. Come to think of it, maybe I'd better see if I can find a piano myself now. My lesson is this afternoon, and I'm still not sure of that Foote's "Prelude" Mrs. Marple gave me two weeks ago!

Harriet Dunning

~ DEMOCRACY ~

THE word democracy has come to be, in our time, just a word. The same word, if examined closely, has a profound meaning which every loyal American should know and understand. Webster says that democracy is that form of government in which the supreme power rests with the people, ruling themselves either directly or indirectly. He also states that the modern concept of democracy assumes the political equality of all individuals, the right to private freedom and to petition authority for redress of grievances.

If we were to take the first line of the definition, which says that it is the form of givernment in which the supreme power rests with the people, we would have enough reason to want to be more aware of the privileges weenjoy. It was the desire for this form of government which brought the Pilgrims to our country in quest of something for which their hearts yearned: religious freedom. It also gave them the right to govern themselves as they did in their town meetings. This differed from our present day democracy, in that they executed the powers of a pure democracy, rather than a representative democracy which we now have.

This was also the same form of givernment that drove the early colonists to fight their mother country for complete independence and freedom, which was obtained by the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Surely the true ideals of democracy were imbedded deeply in the hearts of such men as Washington, Adams, Madison, and Jefferson.

These same ideas of freedom and government by all were present

when the Civil War was fought, and the Emancipation Proclamation was signed giving freedom to the Negro, who had been enslaved. Surely the great men knew that slavery could not be tolerated in a freedom loving country such as ours.

These same principles spurred our country on to a greater defensive manoeuvre, in the fighting of World Wars I and II. These were against enemy powers employing the use of a dictator. Our boys definitely realized they were fighting for a cause when they scored such decisive victories as Saipan, Okinawa, and Iwo Jima. These ideals were in full bloom in the hearts of such men and capable leaders as Douglas MacArthur and Dwight Eisenhower.

Now as we are seemingly faced with a foe that presents a greater problem than the others, we are made to doubt the stability of this government we have cherished so long. But let us all, as loyal Americans, do everything in our power to keep democracy alive, and remember the words of Abe Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address: "And the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Tom Stanee

~ PROCRASTINATION ~

It was wearing thinner and thinner a day. It had faithfully fulfilled its duty long ago and I knew a breakdown was sure to come soon. It came. While the echoes of the second dinner bell still resounded in my ears, I was hastily engaged in dressing. So far I had been able to overcome minor difficulties. Since there were no buttons on my shirt cuffs, I had rolled up my sleeves. I had turned my socks inside out so that my big toe would no longer coincide with the hole it had previously made. But now my shoe lace had broken! I couldn't quite make both ends meet, for the knot I had tied in it week had shortened the lace too much. The echo of the bell had long since died away, so I tucked the broken ends out of sight and hobbled toward the dining hall.

From this experience, one would think that I would learn a lesson. But no, I would rather spend my life living in rolled up sleeves and limping around because of a troublesome knot in my shoelace. I would rather spend all day Thursday reading three history chapters for the first time and then half sleep through the quiz on Friday. Anyway, doing it that way it's fresh in my memory.

I would rather put off making a dentist appointment and have my teeth pulled and filled every five years. I would rather write a letter home once a month and have them worry about me in the meantime.

I would rather write rhetoric themes at two or three o'clock Saturday morning than to spend that time in bed. I would rather roll out of bed in the morning at five minutes to seven, dry a three-minute penny while I button up my shirt, and run to John Hall to make seven

the campus for the dining hall, thereby losing the keen edge from my Christian experience. Put it off...put it off...loving that way is simply worthless.

There examples, you might think, are slightly exaggerated and provide for satire, but I disagree. They are quite ordinary and applicable to my everyday life. If there is any satire, it is of a pathetic kind. Yes, I know, "Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today". This saying has lost its full meaning. Its constant repetition has killed its significance and thus I fail to live it. If I would apply it with thought to everyday events in my life I'm sure no harm would be done.

Procrastination is similar to a disease. It takes hold of us before we know it, and unless we willfully try to overcome it, it will cling to us. Putting things off can become dangerous. I believe when I waste time and let things slide by, I am held accountable notonly to myself and others, and also to God. "For unto whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required." I want to do better.

William C. Yeager

-FEW MEN AND MANY COSTUMES-

DURING this period of the Atomic Age, I pause to question the possibilities of peace in this world. Is there a definite solution? In the first place, why should there be chaos and wars and rumors of wars? An immediate answer would be that based on Biblical prophecy. But what about the solution?

Throughout the entire world there are many "costumes." In every country, there is seemingly a different fashion of these costumes. I readily think about Communism in Russia, China, and other parts of the world. I think of Mohammedism and the Hindus; I think of Christian America. Yes, there are many costumes, but what of the men who are under these costumes?

Physically, there is only one kind of man. The man in Red China is made like the man in Christian America or in any other part of the hemisphere. God Almighty created us all equal. But, during the process of time, men have purchased different types of costumes. Each man has assumed the idea that he is a man of superiority. Each wants to rule and reign.

Today, in Korea, there is war. Could it be that this chaos is the result of the selfishness of mankind? The Communists didn't like the "costumes" that the South Koreans were "wearing." Likewise, the United Nations do not approve of the costume that Russia is wearing. So, what do they do? They fight about it. There is seemingly no way to make agreement as to "taste".

It seems that the rulers of each nation have a different philosophy

as to obtaining world peace. Few men are ruling, but many costumes are being worn. What can we as individuals do about it?

My answer is that we must pray. Perhaps it is God's will for these differences. Maybe there is a reason even if most of us do question it. But in spite of many costumes, we must be careful not to turn away from God. We Christians must remain united because these days of trouble may be the last. Then what?

There will be only one costume. The robe of Jesus Christ will be spread around us, and we will all be one in His Kingdom. What happens to the unredeemed? Their costumes will keep the fires of Satan burning--eternally.

John Daina Watkins

— PITY THE POOR PROFESSOR —

WE students study to the wee hours of the night
And get up the next morning looking a sight
But, alas, our efforts are to no avail,
For our returned papers are marked "fail."

Yes, I pity the poor student. He studies hour after hour, day after day, and comes through with an "F". Poor thing!

But as much as I pity the poor student, my heart goes out to the poor professors. They are so lacking in understanding. I think they need to have a good long talk with a student to find out about modern college life. Why, their darkness is so dense that they give long assignments every night. Someone should tell them about the Dugout and the gym. Don't they understand that the student must have some relaxation after classes? And which is more important--the students' relaxation or the students' studies? Ask any student--he'll tell you the answer.

The professors' understanding is so clouded that he expects a student to stay awake during class lectures. Doesn't he know that the student has had a hard night? After all, what student wants to stay home and study when everyone else is going ice skating? The poor professor! And he stays up all night preparing those lectures, too.

And book reports. We mustn't forget book reports. Don't the professors know that too much reading is detrimental to one's eyesight? A student must watch his health you know.

Then, too, our wandering around the library looking for the proper book is such a bother to the librarian. I'd like to suggest to the professors that they don't go to all the trouble of making out a book list and assigning book reports. It's such work for them.

I've often wished that professors would realize how much work they give themselves when they assign themes. After all, the student only has to write one, but the professor, poor thing, has to read forty or fifty.

We mustn't forget the matter of clasroom discipline. Someone should explain to the professor that the only time the student gets to talk over dates ano to boyfriends is during class. The dormitory regulations are such that one can't do too much talking otherwise.

As I review the situation, I can see only one way out for the poor professor: the elimination of class assignments and homework assignments! Once these two matters are out of the way, I'm sure the professors of 1951 will find their vocations much easier and their nerves more settled. "Pity the poor professor!"

Joan Stratton

~THIS I SHALL ALWAYS TREASURE~

"LEAD kindly light...till with the dawn those angel faces smile, which I have loved long since, and lost awhile." I often wondered what poignant memories these words stirred in the heart of John Henry Newman who penned them. The words of this universal hymn have often come to me with little meaning for no one can truly appreciate them until a loved one has faced the valley of the shadow, and the bond that made life seem brighter and deeper in meaning is severed. Now, I too turn back to those words and find comfort, for a relationship which I once enjoyed has been broken by death.

It is strange how few people really inspire our lives. Many people are content to look for integrity and greatness in personalities of world renown, yet fail to look for these same qualities in those lives that have personally touched their own. I can truthfully say that there has been such a person in my life. That person was my Grandmother.

It would be hard for me to face the years ahead now that we are separated without remembering the example of her life. Many who knew her did not fully appreciate her, but I loved her for what she was. Unlike eminent personalities, no one will ever idolize her or make her into something that she was not. During her lifetime she was never placed on a pedestal, for she was one who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Praises have been broadcast since time began for those who achieve success, but what integrity and genuineness the humble life may have!

I shall always treasure the heritage that she has given me. Per-

haps she was the last to receive the full stamina of the pioneers in our family. Certainly her ancestors had it, for they were among those who conquered the New England wilderness, and fought for the hills which gave them life when this nation was struggling to be born.

Many heartlessly view their predecessors in terms of wealth and social standing. Although she had many articles of exquisite beauty, I remember not these, but her hands which were never still. Hands that did outdoor work when necessary, and performed the endless tasks of the housewife and mother. Hands that were still busy until a few short weeks ago.

As much as I grieve for her companionship, I cannot mourn. Her life was too full and complete. I can only pay tribute to it with my life, and gratefully accept the inspiration she has given me.

Margaret Ferguson



"I AM THE VINE
YE ARE THE BRANCHES..."

~ MARY ~

MARY, my next-door neighbor here at shcool, starts the day by borrowing.

Long before I'm ready for class, someone knocks at the door. I have a premonition that it is none other than Mary. What will it be this morning? I answer the door and Mary wants to borrow a pencil. She left hers in geometry class yesterday.

About ten minutes before class, she runs in and wants me to show her how to do algebra. I watch the clock and try to tell her in five minutes what the teacher siad in forty-five minutes the preceding day. Yes, Mary was in class that day, but she was busy doing a rhetoric paper so she couldn't listen to the algebra explanation.

A few minutes after lunch Mary dashes into my room to borrow a quarter so that she can do her washing. Five minutes later she is back to get some clothespins.

Just as I get started on my composition for rhetoric, in pops Mary to ask if I have written my composition yet. She would like some ideas for topics. I spend several minutes discussing topics. Then when she leaves, I discover that my inspiration has left me and I don't know what to write.

About a half-hour later she appears at my door again with a plea for the dustmop. She has decided to leave her theme until evening. By now my patience is rapidly disappearing and I resolve not to answer the door the next time.

About dinner-time there comes the familiar knock at the door. Well, possibly it is something really important. I open the door. This time she would like a pretty pin for her dress. She looks through my pins, finds one, and departs, but not before she has tried my hand lotion and perfume.

During study hours I refuse to answer the door, but at ten o'clock I answer her tap. She has decided to wash her hair. Of course she needs some shampoo.

About eleven she rushes in and would like to borrow my alarm clock. I kindly but firmly inform her that I need it myself. She wants to sleep a couple hours before studying. Having failed to convince her to rise early in the morning instead, I promise to wake her and she goes to bed.

About two o'clock I knock on her door and tell her to get up. I even stay fifteen minutes to make sure she is awake. Next morning she tells me that she went back to sleep after I left.

Through clenched teeth I murmur, "Patience and fortitude!"

Eleanor Wheeler

~TECHNOLOGICAL DISPLACEMENT~

LAUNDERING methods, I am told, differ widely from country to country. In Sweden washday comes twice a year and lasts for a week or two. But in parts of South America the women do not take off a dress when it is dirty, they just add one until they are almost personified laundry bags within a few years.

At E. N. C., however, we have been blessed with a beautifully-shaped white laundry maid called Bendix. It was with her in mind that I wrapped my towels, sheets, pajamas, and handkerchiefs into a neat bundle, and with my box of Super Suds, struck out to find her.

Bendix was just as I had expected her to be--open mouthed, but I quickly filled the space with the condemned articles, put in the soap, and then waited.

Nothing happened, but with the urging of a quarter the stillness of the room was broken by her humming as she went about her work.

Water began to pour into the machine and the soap began to turn to bubbles as the clothes were whirled about in the water...what was that? It sounded like a click. It was! Now my beautiful soapy water was all running out of the drainhose. I had expected this action later, but the machine had just started a few minutes ago. If I was to have my clothes washed it was evident that I must stop this waste of precious, soapy water. Speedily I snatched the drainhose, and stuck it in the hole in the top where soap is usually injected. This move completely baffled the machine. It was pumping the water out at the botton but it was running back into the top.

Proudly I strode across the room and sat down.

"Machines are wonderful," I said, and then listened intently to my aords of wisdom as I continued. "A fellow has to be smart to get along these days. This is the machine age. Man must master all things, even machines, and if he does this, they will do his work for him just as Bendix is now working for me. Then why marry? Why bind oneself to a wife who needs constant attention and hampers one's freedom? A machine can be left alone. It can be repainted when the need arises, and can be traded in for a new one when old and worn. There is no doubt left in my mind. Mine will be the single, happy, carefree life--the dream of mankind since Eve made Adam the applesauce.

What was that click? Has the time come for the machine to drain? Horror gripped me as the truth burst upon me. The machine was stopping.

For a long moment I stood gaping into its frothy mouth remembering what I had said when the Bendix was first introduced. "It's too complicated. No gadget can do all those tasks and operate very long."

The rinsing was begun in the sink, and after much sweating and struggling, completed. The wringing was begun and after much sweating and struggling, also completed.

I rolled my wash into a neat bundle and took my box of Super Suds. It's just as I always said, "If a fellow wants the little things done around his house, he must have a wife."

John A. Hughes.

— PILOTS YOU MAY MEET —

OF all the pilots that you may meet in a life-time, there are a few whom you would do well to avoid. Of these are several distinct kinds, some of which are commonly known as "Delbert", and I shall try to describe a few of them.

One very common type is the forlorn mortal who is so enthused about flying that he spend practically all his spare time at the airport, leaving his wife to take care of the children and assume all the responsibility required in making a home. He is the type who might give his wife a year's subscription to the Airman's Guide for a Christmas present. At home he is glum and dejected having spent a worrisome day arguing with other pilots perhaps on the subject of the effects of a hot gun on landing aircraft.

But you sometimes encounter the other extreme. This type always brings his wife or sweetheart along but is so fascinated by her presence that he can't see anything else, and consequently, he leaves the ground without checking his plane or warming up the engine. He is often seen minutes later wallowing away from what looks like a cross between an airplane and a haystack after his engine quit after the take-off.

In contrast, you should consider the energetic pilot who is so interested in warming up his engine that he forgets about the crowd of spectators who have come to watch him fly, and, as a result, the propeller sends a cloud of dust and pebbles into their faces and eyes.

There is also the would-be pilot who tries to increase his aeronautical knowledge by turning and twisting the little gadgets in front of

the planes that happen to be sitting out on the line. Airport operators get gray wondering which plane this ignoramus has tangled with last.

Then there is the fashion plate. This individual rarely leaves the ground, but nevertheless, he spends a great deal of time at the airport. He is seen wearing all the rings, watches, wings, belts, medals, etc. that he can conviently get on himself, and the most expensive flying boots, breeches, jacket and scarf that can be obtained. He walks with the dignity of a count and it is well to lift your hat as you pass him.

The novice is sometimes an interesting character. With sweeping gestures he describes the horrors of his first solo flight to an unimpressed by-stander. He doesn't know that the by-stander has fifty missions over Germany to his credit.

Another kind of "Delbert" is the novice who has recently soloed and is eager to impress his friends with his skill, therefore, he brings them along when he takes his next lesson. That part is all right, but he devotes more of his attention to the audience on the ground than he does to the plane he is flying. Fortunately, the instructor, a wise old man with a beard, goes along. The airspeed indicator, which should remain constant most of the time, crawls nervously up and down between fifty and ninety miles per hour. After the third attempt the plane is brought to a successful landing with the frenzied help of the instructor. The latter heaves a sigh of relief as the student scrambles out of the plane to tell his admiring friends "how he got it down".

There are many more. There is the joker who gives a wild ride to someone who has never flown before. There is the pilot who thinks he is giving his girl friend a thrill by making a mock forced landing in a corn field and pretending to be dear replies. And there is always the

pilot who zooms over his girl friend's house at fifty feet. The absent-minded professor who, rather than fly the plane himself, lets the plane fly him usually finds himself staring blankly at the sky groves after the engine sputters and quits.

Pilots like these tend to make the business of flying a more questionable practice to the uninitiated public and fill with consternation the many safe and sane private and commercial pilots who follow our modern airways. Beware of "Delbert"!

Joseph W. Duncan.

~ DUGOUT TROUBLES ~

STUDY?

Try to study in a room above the Dugout. Here you are. You have determined to stay in your room tonight and get some studying done. You feel quite proud of yourself, too, because it is only nine-thirty and you have already completed your chemistry and are now in the middle of your rhetoric theme. The Dugout is open, but that does not bother you. Business is bad tonight. Everyone must have stayed in to study. Oh, yes, there has been an occasional voice and an intermittent clack of dishes, but on the whole, the place has been dead.

But now the trouble begins. Slowly the tired, studious scholars creep into the Dugout, and soon the tempting aroma of hamburgers and hot dogs and the clamors of a multitude of voices rise and permeate your room. No,...you aren't really hungry. You just think you are. Why, stop and think how much you ate for supper. That should last you until tomorrow morning. You'd better return to your rhetoric or you will lose the few ideas that you have managed to gather.

What is that person saying? He got sick of studying. He just couldn't stand it any longer. Besides, he has free periods tomorrow morning before class. He can study then. Well, why doesn't he think of someone else? You can't study tomorrow morning, and here he is, bellowing and keeping you from studying tonight. Since you can't study, there is only one alternative. You hate to do it, but you will have to go down and join the crowd.

What is the matter with this door? It never stuck like this before. Finally, you succeed in getting a little crack open through

which you manage to squeeze. Here on the other side a group of freshman have gathered to talk. They have not learned yet that in front of the door of the Dugout is no place to have a "gab session". Bravely you charge into the mass of "loud speakers" who are blocking the way to the counter. Why did you ever venture to come down here? What a difference between the place now and a half hour ago. The calmness has been replaced by confusion. Over there are the dishes and glasses piled confusedly in topsy-turvy manner in the sink, whereas a half hour before they were calmly lined up on their shelves. And there is the poor Bireley machine. How dizzy it must be from being turned around and around! To think that this whirling has to go on until the place closes. Well, you don't seem to be getting very far. It takes more determination than this to get to the front.

At last,....the goal has been reached. Now to get your order in. "Hamburger, please." It didn't phase her a bit. You will have to try again. "Hamburger, please." No response. You try again and again, and after about the sixth time you feel like screaming at the top of your lungs that you want a hamburger. Finally when she gets to you, someone, hinting that it is time to close, begins to turn out the lights. Meekly you order a hamburger. A few minutes later you receive it, pay for it, gulp it down, and hurry from the now-deserted Dugout back to your room.

Study?

Try to study after a tiresome hour in the Dugout.

Robert Merkel

~ THE COLLEGE SWITCHBOARD ON DATE NIGHT.... ~

If the switchboard at Eastern Nazarene College could talk, I am sure it would tell a very interesting story. I don't believe it would mind if I tell a tale or two about what goes on between the hours of six and eight o'clock on Friday evening.

It is six o'clock. The Operator at the switchboard is acting as a receptionist, an operator, a bell ringer, and an agent for Cupid. She is also a rounder-up of baby sitters, a message-taker, and poster of notes. Her textbooks lie nearby; shy hopes to take a squint at them sometime before twelve-thirty.

When dinner is over, boys and girls swarm around the Operator to ask for messages and baby-sitting jobs. One girl leans over and whispers to the Operator, "If a job comes in, remember me." All this time the Operator may be taking long distance calls, answering questions concerning the time of the program, and trying to be polite to those who come for baby sitters.

After prayer meeting a young man comes walking over to the board kneading his hands. The Operator knows he has cold feet, and she finally wins his confidence. He wants to know of Miss D--- is dating anyone now. The Operator does not know, but she calls the girl's roommate, who says the Miss D---is not busy tonight. The Operator rings for Miss D---, who arrives in a few minutes. She has on her housecoat, so she peeks through the door. "Did you ring my bell?" The Operator says, "Stick your head out." In spite of their embarrassment, she and the young man have a few words. In a short time Miss D--- is downstairs

looking like a brand-new twenty dollar bill.

While this episode has been in process, Jack, the new boy, comes in. He has forgotten the girl's name that he wished to take out. All he knows is that her name is Mary. When the board is quiet enough, the Operator sings off the last names of all the Marys on the list until the right Mary is found. When Mary comes down, the young man blushes and smiles his thanks. As she is almost out of the door, Mary calls to the Operator, "Please sign me out. I'll be back at twelve."

A rather conceited young man comes in and picks up the book which contains the names and rings of the girls. "Ring them all, and I'll take my pick." I wonder what he has that he thinks everybody wants.

Here comes old faithful. He is always five minutes early. He walks around as proud as a peacock until it is just seven-forty. Then he rings for his "Irene." If the Operator is busy, he rings the bell himself rather than have Irene think he is a minute late.

I believe you will agree with me that the switchboard is an interesting place to work sometimes. Perhaps you might agree, too, that an Operator needs several pairs of ears, and extra pair of hands, and another head with which to nod. Also, she must have an unusual memory for details, a level head that wouldn't get dizzy even on a merry-go-round, and a definite interest in people if she is to enjoy her job. Why not drop in some Friday night between six to eight and watch the fun.

Beulah Stanford

~ LAZY MAN'S PARADISE ~

WHAT man isn't lazy, at least in some respects? Yet, a man likes to think he is doing something, even though he isn't accomplishing anything apparent. What better way is there to do something, feel as though one were accomplishing something, enjoy oneself, and yet be lazy and do nothing, than to go bass fishing in a lake.

Bass fishing is done on lakes, rivers, and streams in most of the forty-eight states and the ten provinces of Canada. In the United States there are such famous places as Lake Mead and the Swanee River, whereas in Canada most of the bass lakes are in Ontario.

Let us take a trip to the Haliburton Highlands of Ontario. Halfway between Minden and Haliburton, we come upon a sparkling blue patch of water nestled snugly between two banks of hills--Canning Lake.

Let us aim our little outboard motor toward that huge grey form on the opposite side of the lake. Upon arriving, we find it to meet our expectations--it is a huge rock slurging deep into the opal depths of the lake. After securely anchoring the boat to prevent it from drifting, and adjusting ourselves comfortable on the hard, straight wood seats, we begin to still-fish.

As it is a bright day and the water is fairly clear, it would be good to use a bait which is light in color. As one drops the bait in for the first time, our hopes are very high, and wild images of huge bass hungrily awaiting the hook flash across one's mind. However, if this is a bad day, one can sit for hours without getting even a decent bite.

Fairly soon, after noticing a weed bed across the lake which looks

like a good place, we bring the anchor in and steer the little motor toward that likely spot. We anchor the boat into the wind and scrutinize the tackle box to find the most likely looking plug. Soon the little reel sings as the plug sails through the air toward its target--the weed bed. It lands noisily and pops around a few times. As it is reeled in slowly, it wriggles in an enticing fashion to a hunge green bass lurking around the roots of a giant reed. The monster eyes it savagely and slowly begins to sift toward it. Just then the little plug is reeled away from him and he remains there awaiting the next move of this bold little intreader.

Now if this fisherman is smart he will cast that same plug right back to that same spot again. Let us suppose he is, and as the little wriggler breaks the surface of the water above the bass, there is a swirl of water like the wake of a propeller, and then with an explosion, five pounds of finned fury scatters the mirrored surface of the lake, and then dives for the botton of the weed bed. The struggle is begun.

Several action-packed minutes later, a tired but game little sportster come sullenly toward the boat. Suddenly with a little burst of defiance, he streaks for the botton only to rise slowly again to the gentle pressure of the angler's reel. Before that little fish knows it, he finds himself flopping listlessly in the bow of the boat, while the angler looks on with a feeling of triumphant satisfaction.

That night that little bass makes his last public appearance on the angler's table.

A. V. Hathaway

— DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS —

THE auxiliary fishing dragger Gudrun plowed through heavy seas. As the bow knifed through the waves topped with white caps, the spray foamed and sputtered over the ship. As it fell it washed off through the scuppers. The deck was neat and clean and everything topside was lashed down. The wind had been blowing strong from the "nor'westerly" all day. The sun shone across the water. At times one could see tiny rainbows in the spray.

The "glass" was dropping, however, and Captain Alex Johanssen was getting skeptical about how long this good weather would last. It had been snowing in Gloucester last night. That meant that he would run into some foul weather before he got home. But he knew his vessel, and had all the confidence in her that fishermen do have in good sturdy vessels.

"Well," he thought," that new 1200 horse power engine will give us a faster trip than the old 500 horsepower." With this thought he headed for the "foc'sle," and a good hearty supper. It wasn't like his wife's cooking, but tomorrow night...maybe.

As he approached the forward hatchway, he could hear the mumbling of the crew as they played cribbage and the oaths of the cook trying to set the table. After all, who wanted to be on deck when one could be in a friendly, warm game of cribbage?

After supper Alex went topside again to see how the "watch" was making out. The wind had increased, and was shifting around to the "nor'east." "We're in for it tonight," he exclaimed. "Probably a good one, too."

"Darkness comes quickly now," he thought, when he looked around and could see only the running lights. Clouds were hiding the stars, and greater quantities of spray were now coming over the sides. In fact, one could even feel the ship as it rolled, buried its nose, and then fought its way out from under the deluge of water.

As soon as he reached the wheelhouse, he ordered the all hands topside. It was going to be a mean one. The "glass" was down to 29.5 and was still falling. Life lines were strung fore and aft.

The spray soon began to freeze into as it hit the deck. The crew were busy trying to hack it off as soon as it formed. The engine speed was reduced again.

And then it happened. One of the plates in the side had opened and was leaking into the "foc'sle." Alex ordered the speed cut to a point just sufficient to keep headway. Snow was falling, but the heavy seas were too much for the fully loaded vessel. The pounding that it was taking opened the hole, until the pumps were unable to dispose of the water.

Alex immediately plotted his position and sent a radio "S.O.S." telling of his trouble. "Position, 170 miles south of Cape Race, Newfoundland,...sinking!" He hoped that the Gudrun would last until aid arrived. He ordered the dory brought down from the top of the wheelhouse and made ready to be launched.

Suddenly, he felt the ship gave a great heave and then plunge. The bow opened up. "Abandon ship." But it was too late! The lines securing the dories had just been cut. The load of the ice and fish in the hold was too heavy. The water poured in through the gaping hole in the bow. On the next plunge, the Gudrun kept going.

Three weeks later an empty dory was found with the name "Gudrun" painted on her bow.

Wylie Rudolph Jr.

~IT'S AN ILL WIND~

THERE is an axiom which reads, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Let us consider it to read a little differently: "No wind blows good to everyone." As an example of this let us consider the case of the Thanksgiving turkey.

Hatched an incubator baby in the state of Vermont, our turkey has a lust for life and an ambition to make his way in this world. Usually, however, tragedy strikes when a turkey is only seven or eight months old, at which time he becomes an orphan. Alas! life is like that.

There are compensations in being a turkey, however. It's a jolly life, one without any work to do but scratch corn. If he isn't careful this time in his life a turkey may become fat and lazy and lose all of his wordly ambition.

If we consider our turkey to be a tom, he may be a great-chested, brightly-plumed bird who is looking for a coquettish hen to become his help-mate and share life's burdens with him. Most naturally these events all lead to the coming of an fine a brood of baby turkeys as anyone ever did see.

But, horror of horrors, there arrives a time in every turkey's life when he is thrust with six or seven other birds, into a pen big enough to house two birds comfortably. A few months are spent here while the turkey's owner feeds him to overflowing every day. This is an awful hard circumstance to figure out for the turkey. Is he being punished or reared well? The fatal third Thursday in November is drawing near. Wait! Is it the third Thursday or the fourth Thursday. Oh well!

A liberal-minded turkey can afford to leave matters of such in the hands of statesmen such as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman.

A turkey's life draws to a close on Thanksgiving or the day before, when, amid the joy of the season, he is just catching some of the holiday spirit. What a horrible way to die, that is to be roughly grabbed by the neck and have his head cut off. Before going through this ordeal himself a turkey may have to watch that giant with an ax decapitate his sweet, young bride. Alas! A turkey, even a pre-chested, bright-plumed bird like our hero, is, after all, a rather helpless creature.

To prove the truth in the old axiom "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," I would like to give you a view of that same turkey immediately preceding the Thanksgiving repast. A turkey is a beautiful bird when brightly plumed, but his beauty is profoundly increased when his body is covered by a light-brown crust, enclosing well-done flesh. But not the least appealing thing about a turkey in this condition is the dressing bulging from it, with the savory odor of sage and other poultry seasoning rising from it. Such table adornments as sweet potatoes, small white onions, and brussel sprouts make the turkey's last moments a pleasant sight.

Probably the saddest part of a turkey's existence is when his bones lie on a platter broken and picked clean of every remaining resemblance of meat. But, in spite of all this, there lies at the end of every turkey's life six to twelve over-stuffed human beings glowing much over the whole matter.

Gerald E. Huff

~ MORNING PATROL ~

BILL Marlin glanced over his shoulder at the four gleaming warbirds flying the stepped formation of the echelon. Their fabric gleamed a bright yellow in the first rays of the morning sun. Dawn was coming into the eastern sky over in the direction of the German trenches.

Up here among the billowing white clouds the war seemed to be far away and unreal. But Bill had only to take one quick look over the rim of his Spad's cockpit to see the shell-torn earth below his wings. The thin scraggly lines of the allied trenches were beginning to creep by. In those trenches filled with mud and filth were the doughboys of the Blue Ridge Division drawn up to repulse the blue-grey hordes that every one of those doughboys would have given his all to stop this war to end all wars.

Marlin stopped watching the ground below to scan the skies for any sight of the German morning patrol that was surely out by now. The thick layer of clouds to the right and some four thousand feet high would give perfect cover for them. To be caught napping would prove disastrous. Although this was only a routine flight, the number three ship the the formation of Spads was flown by the squadron's newest recruit, Second Lt. Jim Birch, and it was up to Marlin to see that nothing happened to him until he could strenghten his new wings.

It was then that Marlin saw them. There were seven bright green Fokkers in the flight and they were coming down the ladder with open throttles. They had the advantage of altitude and were pushing that advantage for all it was worth. Bill wiggled his wings for attention,

then raised his gloved fist high above his head. Down he brought it, and the five Spads exploded into action.

Marlin banged his throttle open and climbed tightly to the right before the lead Fokker could line him up in his sights. He was just a split second ahead of the smoking yellow line of tracers that tore through the air where he had been. Beads of sweat broke out on Bill's forehead, and the palms of his hands grew clammy as they tugged at the stick, bringing the nose of the Spad to bear upon the tail of the green Fokker darting elusively before him. As he glanced back across the turtle-back, he could see the pilot watching him creep closer and closer. He could imagine the tight panic that was gripping him. Marlin tripped the triggers of his Vickers guns and watched the tracers shoot out to connect the gulf between him and the enemy ship. They fell short, but a slight touch on the stick sent them racing up the entire length of the green Fokker. It veered off on one wing and slid slowly into a spin that lasted until it smashed into the ground behind the German trenches.

The dog-fight was over as quickly as it had begun. The Hun flight had had enough and was now limping back over the lines with three of its number gone, and smoke trailing from the engine of another. A fair morning's work.

Bill turned in his bucket seat and counted noses in his own re-formed flight. Their fabric was torn and scarred now with strips of it streaming back in the prop-wash from their propellers. It was then that he saw the number three slot empty, and no plane in sight.

There would have to be another letter written. He hated that job.

"Dear Mrs. Birch," it would start. "I regret to inform you of your son's death. I was his flight leader on the morning of....."

Leonard Johnson

~ TRYING TO SLEEP ~

ALTHOUGH certain quiet hours are supoose to be observed in our dorm, regulations don't seem to be practices in the Willow House. Often someone is just so tired of studying that she must stop and gab for a few minutes, or I should say a good part of an hour. Usually she doesn't take a very obvious hint either. Even when I crawl into bed for the night she isn't annoyed at all. She doesn't even have to get up for breakfast, but she seems to forget that I arise before six every morning.

Then there are times when either my work is completed or I just feel the need of eight hours' sleep for once. I crawl into a nice clean bed after a soothing hot bath. It is about ten o'clock and before a half-hour has passed I am snoring peacefully. Ten-thirty arrives and the dorm is closed for the night. Now is the time chosen for real fun. It seems that some have had trouble with their lungs durin the day and they feel the necessity of vocal exercises. This usually takes place in the hall rather than behind a closed door; but even a door would provide little resistance to the power of these lungs.

I may be sleeping soundly, but even unconciousness is brought to an end at this point. My blood begins to boil as I see my beautiful rest shattered. This afternoon one of the girls had asked for quiet in order that she might take a nap. I did my best then to abstain from noise, but sometimes things just don't work two ways.

At home I really enjoyed listening to the radio, but here at school it, too, is used unwisely. Some people seem to be hard of hearing or else they have an urge to be generous by sharing various programs with their less-fortunate friends who are trying to sleep.

Most of these annoyances are practiced without thinking rather than because of a lack of concern.

Lois Gage

~TOOTH BRUSH PARADE~

THERE they come! It is only 6:15 in the morning and actually a very odd time to have a parade. But, this is a very odd group of individuals. They are straight, crooked, short, tall, fat, thin, green, yellow, red, blue, and a thousand other various shapes and colors. There are many descriptions that would fit them because they are extremely varied and strangely enough, appear almost simultaneously.

No! Don't think that they would be quiet at such an unearthly hour in the morning. Not they. They are strangely energetic. "Why?" you ask. Because they have important duties to perform and these are preliminary to all other daily activity.

What a thrilling scene. Some morning when you have slept fitfully and awakened earlier than usual, go to the washroom and make it your business to be there (accidentally, to be sure) when all the bright colored tooth brushes arrive. None of their bearers are aware that you are present as they burst into the room in a wild scurry for the privilege of being first at the sink. It makes no difference which one is first, provided that they don't step on you as you make your way to a corner where you can keep a silent observing vigil.

What a flashing array of color and activity. They dance around like fairies on a medieval marble stage and seem so light and flexible they don't miss one corner of it. All observers can see their movement. Their real beauty, however, is fully realized when they have all arrived. One's attention can never be stayed on one for their dashing

colors are too fascinating. But, like all such antics, the fun is soon over when all the early risers have gone and taken with them the tooth-brush parade.

Marilyn Long

~ Le TABLEAU ~

It was a bright sunny July day. From our foreheads beads of perspiration thrickled down our faces and fell off our chins. We were resting after a four-mile march through barbed wire, bomb craters, and German mine fields.

We tried to drink the liquid in our water bottles but it was luke-warm and about as tasteless as diluted milk. Oh, what we wouldn't do for a refreshing drink of cold spring water! As we were pondering on what to do, a truck pulled up and the driver gave us information about the location of a well which had been tested and approved. Immediately we set out on a five-minute hike for clear, cool, sparkling water.

We crossed a cow pasture and after stumbling over a ditch found a very narrow country road. The grass on both sides had turned light brown. We walked along at a steady pace, kicking up a cloud of dust with our hob-nail boots.

In the distance we could see the gray stone wall of the country barn-yard. The closer we came the higher the wall appeared. The wall was about fifteen feet tall. At one end a huge rusty gate was open revealing to passers-by a picture of a typical French barn-yard.

Chickens roamed here and there, clucking, flapping their wings, and squawking mildly over who should be king of the roost. Two pigs send up a sally of oinks and came quite close to us in hope of receiving something for their already too large stomachs.

Suddenly a door opened and a red-headed roaster flew out with cries of pain and terror. He had wandered accidentally into Madam's kitchen

and was not appreciated.

The house and barn was a combined building sharing a rustic thatched roof over which grew in places patches of green moss.

The family sleeping quarters were connected with the rest of the house by a narrow outer concrete staircase.

Close to the door of the house a stone well crib jutted above the surface of the yard. One of my buddies took the heavy wooden bucket and sent it plunging into the water. While he was handling the rope, I turned and peered through the fly-covered screen door into the confusion of the farm-house kitchen.

I saw a long table decorated with plates of food and a jug of cider. People sat on wooden benches along both sides of the table. Grandma and Grandpa were at one end while Mother nursed a baby on her lap and Father corrected the younger children who were playing their glasses.

We found ourselves swinging frantically at horse flies, and so we filled our water bottles and departed.

Oh, the peace of a French farm house!

Stanley Bycroft

~ BOY'S SPORTS ~

Freshmen boys on the 1950-51 society teams were a credit both to their society and to their class. Their contributions helped to make this year's athletic program one of the best E.N.C. has ever known. Their enthusiasm and keen competitive spirit won them praise from players and spectators alike.

Perhaps the most outstanding Freshman athlete was Dick Heinlein, the only member of the class to be elected to both the football and basketball squads. A hard-charging end in the outdoor game and an alert center on the hardwoods, Dick proved that he could rank with the best of the college athletes. By scoring 44 points, playing a rugged defensive game, and constantly clearing the boards of rebounds, this Zeta sparkplug made his basketball team one to be feared by the others.

Dave MacSavaney and Tom Starnes also represented the Freshmen on the all-star basketball squad. Dave distinguished himself in the second Gordon game by coping top scoring honors for E.N.C. The five top freshmen scorers on the society teams were MacSavaney, 98; Young, 98; Christensen,56; Starnes,53; and Williamson,52.

In addition to the boys mentioned, there were many others who played commendable ball for their societies. The class can be particularly proud of the fact that not once did a Freshmen boy lose his temper on either the football field or the basketball court. This fact alone is worthy of praise, and ranks in importance with the ability displayed by our competitors.

~ GIRL'S SPORTS ~

The first sign of good sportsmanship was shown by our feminine frosh in that unforgettable day of initiation. Cold cream, bathing caps, tin cans, waste paper baskets, and sophomores were someof the shackles that bound us, but we survived nevertheless.

It wasn't until after the turmoil of Rush Day had subsided that our freshmen had a chance to display their athletic skills before an audience. However, when given the opportunity they displayed ability worthy of much praise.

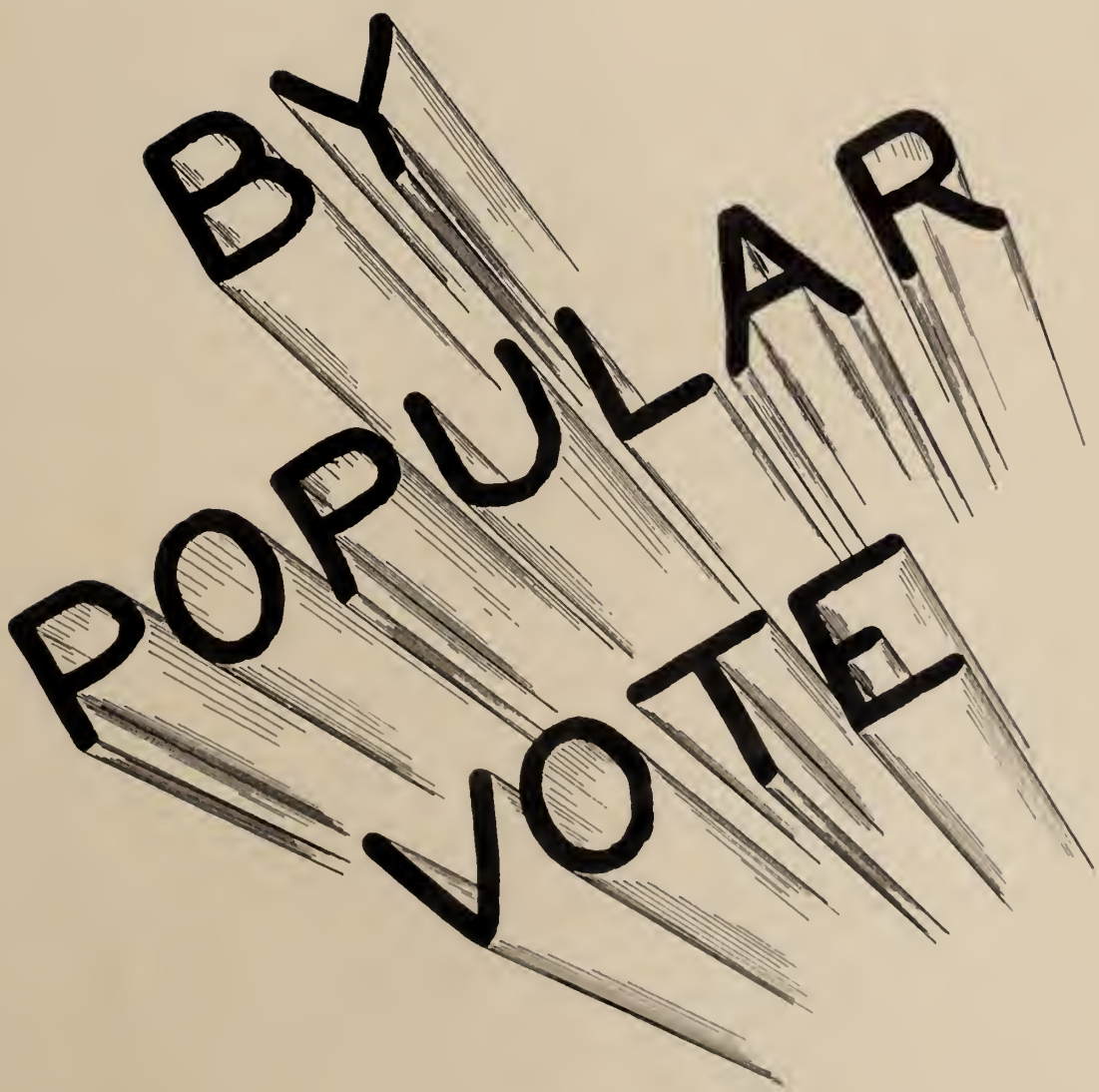
During the volleyball season our frosh excelled on the volleyball court but, their main interest seemed to be in basketball.

With Harriet Dunning, May Hill, and Doreen Armstrong as Zetas, Dorothy Austin, Beatrice Flemming and Ruth Raines as Deltas, Marjorie Merritts and Marion Smart as Kappas, and Nancy Earl, Joan Stratton, and Jeanne St. Pierre as Sigmas, the talent was fairly well distributed.

The top freshmen scorers were Harriet Dunning, outstanding Zeta forward, and Marjorie Merritts, Kappa stalwart.

At all times our freshmen representatives displayed good sportsmanship and a keen competative spirit. They were a credit both to their societies and to the class.

Jane Burgess


BY
POPULAR
VOTE



All-Around



Best Looking



Studious



Extra-Curricular



Likely to Succeed



Friendliest



TALENTED



NEATEST



Athletic

Humorous



~ BITS O' BARK ~

Prof. Smith, looking in the library for Crane Brinton's Ideas and Men, suddenly notices a Western Civilization student industriously reading a book. Approaching the student, he asks, "Margie, do you have Ideas and Men?" " No,prof., I just have ideas!"

What if Tom Boates were Tom Trains?

Can you imagine Harold Brake named Harold Clutch?

Can you imagine Sarah Chase Harley Bye?

What if Ruth Freeze were Ruth Roast?

Doris Mellon Cantelope.

Is Joe Duncan for Trout?

What if Gordon Wetmore were Gordon Dryless?

Can you imagine Jay Burgers named Jay HotDog?

What if Eleanor Reddish were Eleanor Greendish?

Would Leon Hatch?

Marjorie Meritts Frank Lovejoy.

What if Pat Kurbs were Pat Gutter?

Could Charles Grate be Charles Mighty?

Could Walter Woodbridge Boardwalk?

What if Jim Young were Jim Small?

Could May Hill be May Mole Hill?

What if Eleanor Wheeler were Eleanor Stroller?

Can you imagine Lois Gage as Lois Meter?

Could Taylor and Weaver make little suits?

~PERSONALITY SKETCHES~

Jim Adams - Scotch plaid hat...baseball...cheerful

Dorothy Austin - bustling...resolute testimony...happy disposition

George Austin - "Lefty"...Delta athlete...unassuming

Warren Becker - campus crew...unobtrusively intelligent...considerate

Mervin Bedor - "Merv"...Kip's own boy...future minister

Gerard Benelli - hard working...diligent student...enjoys life

Lorraine Bennett - shy smile...neat...glowing testimony

Myron Bigelow - "Little Chet"...Kappa athlete...hardy fisherman

Samuel Blachly - quiet reserve...first things first...takes life seriously

Thomas Boates - bashful grin...politeness personified...unshakeable faith

Ivaline Bonalee - typical squint...tight curls...true to her friends

Marcia Boshart - whizz on the keyboard...a thousand giggles...love for W. Civ

Robert Bradley - science brain...well dressed...fervent testimony

Harold Brake - owner of a Plymouth...resident of the Mansion...true Christian

Florette Brown - attractive personality..."Whaling City"...sharp humor

Gordon Brown - easy going...those curls!...quiet thoughtfulness

Phyllis Brown - jolly...prospective song evangelist...loves to laugh

Nancy Bruce - "love that accent!"...enjoys life...moments of pensiveness

Mary Lou Bryant - whizz in Chem. Lab...pleasant...reserved dignity

June Burgess - blue eyes, blond hair...vivacious charm...ease at the keyboard

Jay Burgers - tall...blond...subtle sense of humor...partial to bright colors

Beverly Burt - willing helper...conscientious...amiable and friendly

Harley Bye - "The Maple Leaf Forever"...astronomer...firm convictions

Sarah Chase - quiet and reserved...dainty expressions...neat appearance

Tommy Christensen - deep-rooted smile...thoughtful...active sense of humor

Eileen Cliff - "the other half"...neatly groomed...takes life seriously

Inez Cliff - twin..from Brunswick...industrious...nurse

Marie Copeland - The Southern Belle...consistent...hardworker

Ivan Cousins - friendly chap...talkative...always smiling

Ed Cramer - Maine accent...industrious...friend of everyone

Dorothy Davis - meticulous...level-headed...helpful nurse

Delora Deshields - mischief lurks in those eyes!...original...tease

Joe Duncan - air-minded...red-head...owner of midget auto

Harriet Dunning - charming...prefers cowboys...always knitting

Nancy Earl - typist...dainty femininity...pianist...strong Christian

Margaret Ferguson - industrious...expressive eyes...sweet disposition

Arlene Finch - petite-ness...big,brown eyes..."P. K."...friendly

Beatrice Flemming - "Shorty"...Munro Hall's errand girl...good natured

Betty Francis - sweet and pleasing...life devoted to song evangelism

Milan Freeman - "Daddy"...practical living..."I press toward the goal"

Ruth Freese - professional joker...country lass..."Frosty"

Lois Gage - "my Sister"...energetic...likeable...helpful

Dorothy Garrison - sociable...phones home...freckles galore

"Ray" Gill - New England accent...tenor...friend to all

John Glennie - able cartoonist...lurking sense of humor...tennis fan

Carlos Gonzalez - white shoes...Guatemala City...debonair

Eleanor Goodale - "shorty"...willing worker...consistent testimony

Beth Goodnow - earnest worker...pianist and organist....friendly greeting

Charles Grate - bashful...power of concentration...unassuming

Paul Griggs - bow ties...reserved but amiable...meticulous in dress

Doris Grosse - "Dotty"...impersonations...gracious...non-chalant

Gordon Hall - "Man of Prayer"...conscientious...library student

Harry Hall - likes to discuss...serious-minded...obliging

Rose Handloser - literary ability...indescribable wit...charming waitress

Gordon Harris - boyish grin...reticent...amiable..."Living by faith"

Shirley Haselton - bright cheerfulness...good sport..."the sunny side of life"

Leon Hatch - strong convictions...ardent reader...ready testimony

Robert Haxton - friend to all...true Christian...faithful

Earle Hedden - "Red"...Delta outfielder...natural comedian

Dick Heinlein - sports lover...shy on Friday night...brush cut

Jeannette Higgins - concern for others...cheerful...true Christian spirit

May Hill - blonde...hails from Maine...ever ready smile

Marilyn Hoff - good for a joke...neat...Christian ideals

Thomas Howell - Delta athlete...always a joker...big boy

Lois Hudson - humble spirit...good testimony...strawberry blond

Gerald Huff - misses the Mrs....heartfelt testimony...a friend indeed

Jack Hughes - "Union Jack"...diligent student..."a certain lass back home"

Gilbert Jackson - future preacher...earnest speaker...ready smile

George Jambasian - characteristic walk...Jerusalem...born mathematician

Betty Jane Jones - friendly smile...voice of a nightingale...brown eyes

Helen Johnson - versatile...laughter in her voice...sweet alto singer

Leonard Johnson - "Sketchy"...soft-spoken...artistic talent

Robert Kelley - A Cappella...flutist...never in a hurry

Quentin Klingerman - slow speaker...country stroll...fervent

Paul Knight - "Lefty"...Sigma passer...dishroom squad

Patrici Kurbs - "Pat"...connoisseur of fine foods...trio practice...jolly

Lennie Laudermilk - "Lennie"...dimples!...friend to all...dedicated life

Marilyn Long - hearty laugh...friendliness...able accompanist

Frank Lovejoy - "Frankie"...dynamite...ever-present smile...willing to serve

Donald MacNeil - Dorchester boy...earnest Christian...humorous

Fred McCormick - dugout proprietor..."we're closed"...infectious laugh

Archie McCurdy - loyal Canadian...quiet...persevering in studies

Doris Mellon - Sigma cheerleader...friendly...night owl

Margaret Meredith - nurse...sports enthusiast...carefree and friendly

Robert Merke - faithful student...easy-going gentleman...prospective missionary

Marjorie Merritts - reliable...demure...Indiana

Lyle Miller - cheerful greeting...magic guitar...cowboy lover

Paul Miller - Bethel Beach...ready laugh...barbed tongue

Ralph Montemuro - family man...sports fan...good-natured grin

Vonda Moore - lady-like...gentle ways...agreeable disposition

Elwin Morgan - serene..."Katy"...true friend

Vernon Morse - future teacher...fruit market...mission worker

Harold Mosgrove - retiring...shy smile...agreeable friend

Albert Najarian - definite ideas...hardworker...philosopher

Frank Oxenford - "Daddy"...good student...loyal to MacArthur

Harold Pinkston - "Pinky"...Zeta football star...love for the dramatic

Ellen Prittchett - understanding way...funny side of life...Kappa cheerleader

Frank Ransom - farmer boy...Shell owner...cat-naps

Allen Ray - quiet friendliness...girl in Ohio...future minister

Eleanor Reddish - all-over grin...aims to please...conscientious devotion

Katheryn Richardson - Kathy...inquisitive eyes...quiet reserve...Elwin

Jerry Riggleman - sharp brain...basketball player...freckles

Wylie Rudolpy - newlywed...redhead...definite opinions

Floyd Rugg - clear thinker...mature ideas...happily married

Stanley Rycroft - "Stan"...Canadian preacher...witnessing at the market

Jeanne St. Pierre - ready pianist...friendly smile...cooperative

Susan Sasao - pint-sized...dark eyes...meaningful smiles

Willis Scott - proud papa...frankness...good sport

Ruth Shaw - industrious...future nurse...always a smile

Thomas Skidmore - conscientious living...frequent smiles...chemist

Nola Skillings - unperturbed...enjoys life...quiet thoughtfulness

Marian Smart - infectious giggle...Canadian blonde...God's ways are best

Allan Smith - Delta stalwart...sincere Christian...friend to all

Ronald Sorenson - "Swede"...Sigma athlete...bass voice

Beulah Stanford - song sparrow...Canadian...cares of a housekeeper

Thomas Starnes - Supreme Market...college boy..."foul ball"

Ronald Steeves - camera-store man...mandolin-ist...sobriety

Lincoln Stiles...friendly...obliging...works at Ma's

Phyllis Stoner - Pennsylvania twang...baby-sitter...good-natured

Joan Stratton - reserved...artist...quiet testimony for Christ

William Sunberg - pilot of a Plymouth...sweet tenor...all for God

Bertha Taylor - loves kids...bustling...inquisitive look

Ray Taylor - Crusader's baritone...future minister...senior waitress admirer

Helen Theodoros - conscientious student...minute details..."neat as a pin"

Ray Thorpe - "Gifty"...fellow Ohian...Delta southpaw...future minister

Waveline Trout - dramatic ability...talkative eyes...perpetual blush

Paul Tustin - friend to all...humorous...bashful

Charles Wakefield - another twin...curly black hair...nice smile

John Watkins - Alabama accent...future minister...fountain boy

June Watts - serious student...willing to serve...ebony curls

Margaret Weaver - faithful Christian...oldest of ten...pleasing sense of humor

Irving Weinreich - argumentative...likes to study...off-campus boy

Gordon Wetmore - our favorite singer...friendly...gentlemanly ways

Eleanor Wheeler - missionary to Africa...shy...Vermonter

Owen White - friendly...true smile...baseball fan

Ruth White - quiet dignity..."chic"...gentle-voiced

"Joe" Williamson - friend to all...earnest Christian...like father, like son

Eula-Adine Winget - co-operative worker...unruffled exterior...quiet laughter

Walter Woodbridge - "Woody"...dishroom gang...diligent student

Carol Wordsworth - happy-go-lucky...ardent Sigma...a life of service

Bill Yeager - witness for God...good friend...ready smile

Grace Young - all-white attire...comedienne...roguish

Jim Young - sings...Sigma basketball player...S. C. Representative

